SCILLAES Metamorphosis:

Enterlaced
with the vnfortunate loue
of *Glaucus*.

VVhereunto is annexed the delectable discourse
of the discontented *Satyre*: with sundrie other
most absolute Poems and Sonnets.

Contayning the detestable tyrannie of Dis-
daine, and Comicall triumph of Constancie: Verie fit for young Courtiers to
peruse, and coy Dames to
remember.

By *Thomas Lodge* of Lincolnes
Inne, Gentleman.

O vita! misero longa, felici breuis.

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bridge, at the signe of the Rose and
Crowne. 1590.

5 50 APR

TO HIS ESPECIALL good friend Maſter Raph Crane,

*and the reſt of his moſt entire well wil-*lers, the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court and Chauncerie. Tho-*mas Lodge of Lincolnes Inne* Gent. Wiſheth increaſe of worſhip and continuance in vertue.

SWeete Maſter *Crane*, I had not thought at this inſtant to haue partaked my paſſions with the print, whoſe diſcontented thoughts ſo long inured to obſcuritie, were diuorſed many yeares ſince, from vaine glories inordinate follie: but the baſe neceſſities of an extrauagant melancholie mate, that had no other *vnde* of *quod ad victum attinet*, but the foreſtalling of other mens inuentions, made my vnperfit Poems (in ſpite of waſte paper) to hazard an apprenteſhip in Poules: ſo that, that which in the firſt peeping foorth was

wholie predeſtinate to your friendſhip, by an vnderhand marte, is made the mercinarie recreation of euerie ridiculous mate. Our wits now a daies are waxt verie fruitefull, and our Pamphleters more than prodigall; So that the poſtes which ſtoode naked a tedious *non terminus*, doo vaunt their double apparrell as ſoone as euer the Exchequer openeth; and euerie corner is tooke vp with ſome or other penileſſe companion that will imitate any eſtate for a twopennie almes. I could afford you whole ſeruices of abſurdities, that would diſquiet the diſgeſtion of Arte *vſq; ad nauſeam*, were it not that I pittie to particularize ſimple fellowes imperfections, and am altogether loath to aduenture my paines in ſo vngratefull a Prouince. For transformed *Scilla* how euer ſhe hapned now to bee diſioyned from diſdainfull *Charybdis*; thinke not, but if they haue good ſhipping they wil meete ere long both in one ſhop: and landed they had at this inſtant, in one and the ſelfe ſame bay, if *Scilla* (the vnfortunater of the two) had not met with a needie pirate by the way. Ariued ſhee

is,

is,though in a contrary coaſt,but ſo wrackt, and weatherbeaten, through the vnſkilfulnes of rough writers,that made their poaſt haſte paſſage by night, as *Glaucus* would ſcarce know her, if he met her: yet my hope is Gentlemen,that you wil not ſo much imagine what ſhe is,as what ſhee was; inſomuch as from the ſhop of the Painter, ſhee is falne into the hands of the ſtainer. Thus referring the ſupportãce of my credit, & the inability of my verſe to your ingenious opinions, I bid you farewel til the next Tearm;at vvhich time I hope to entertaine your ſeuerall delights,vvith farre better diſcourſes,and bee ſuppliant to my good friend Maſter *Crane*,in ſome or other more acceptable Poem.In the meane time let my appliable *voluiſſe*,intitle me to your curteſie:vvhoſe I am during life in all enterchangeable dutie.

Your friend aſſured
Thomas Lodge.

The moſt pithie and pleaſant *Hiſtorie of Glaucus and Silla.*

WAlking alone (all onely full of griefe)
Within a thicket nere to Iſis floud,
Weeping my wants, and wailing ſcant reliefe,
Wringing mine armes (as one with ſorrowe wood);
The piteous ſtreames relenting at my mone
Withdrew their tides, and ſtaid to heare me grone.
From forth the channell, with a ſorrowing crie
The Sea-god Glaucus (with his hallowed heares
Wet in the teares of his ſad mothers dye)
With piteous lookes before my face appeares;
For whome the Nimphes a moſſie coate did frame,
Embroadered with his Sillas heauenly name.
And as I ſat vnder a Willow tree,
The louelie honour of faire Thetis bower;
Repoſd his head vpon my faintfull knee:
And when my teares had ceaſt their ſtormie ſhower
He dried my cheekes, and then beſpake him ſo,
As when he waild I ſtraight forgot my woe.
Infortunate, why wandreth thy content
From forth his ſcope as wearied of it ſelfe;
Thy bookes haue ſchold thee from this fond repent,
And thou canſt talke by proofe of wauering pelfe:
Unto the world ſuch is inconſtancie,
As ſapp to tree, as apple to the eye.
Marke how the morne in roſeat colour ſhines,
And ſtraight with cloudes the Sunnie tract is clad;
Then ſee how pomp through waxe and waine declines,
From high to lowe, from better to the bad:
Take moiſt from Sea, take colour from his kinde,
Before the world deuoid of change thou finde.

With secret eye loke on the earth a while,
Regard the changes Nature forceth there;
Behold the heauens, whose course all sence beguile;
Respect thy selfe, and thou shalt find it cléere,
That infantlike thou art become a youth,
And youth forespent a wretched age ensu'th.
In searching then the schoolemens cunning noates,
Of heauen, of earth, of flowers, of springing trees,
Of hearbs, of mettall, and of Thetis floates,
Of lawes and nurture kept among the Bées:
Conclude and knowe times change by course of fate,
Then mourne no more, but moane my haples state.
Here gan he pause and shake his heauie head,
And fould his armes, and then vnfould them straight;
Faine would he speake, but tongue was charm'd by dread,
Whil'st I that sawe what woes did him awaight,
Comparing his mishaps and moane with mine,
Gan smile for ioy and drie his drooping eyne.
But (loe) a wonder; from the channels glide
A sweet melodious noyse of musicke rose,
That made the streame to dance a pleasant tide,
The weedes and sallowes néere the bancke that grose
Gan sing, as when the calmest windes accorde
To greete with balmie breath the fleeting forde.
Vpon the siluer bosome of the streame
First gan faire Themis shake her amber locks,
Whom all the Nimphs that waight on Neptunes realme
Attended from the hollowe of the rocks.
In briefe, while these rare parragons assemble,
The watrie world to touch their teates dw tremble.
Foting it featlie on the grassie ground,
These Damsels circling with their brightsome faires
The loue-sicke God and I, about vs wound
Like starres that Ariadnes crowne repaires:
Who once hath seene for pride of morne, or day,
Would deeme all pompe within their cheekes did play.

Nais

Nais faire Nimph with Bacchus iuorie touch,
Gan tune a passion with such sweete reports,
And euerie word, noate, sigh, and pause was such,
And euerie Cadence fed with such consorts,
As were the Delian Harper bent to heare,
Her statelie straines might tempt his curious eare.
Of loue (God wot) the louelie Nimph complained:
But so of loue as forced loue to loue her;
And euen in loue such furious loue remained,
As searching out his powrefull shaft to proue her,
He found his quiuer emptied of the best,
And felt the arrowe sticking in his breast.
Under a Popler Themis did repose her,
And from a brier a sweetfull branch did plucke:
When midst the brier ere she could scarce suppose her
A Nightingale gan sing: but woe the lucke;
The branch so nere her breast, while she did quicke her
To turne her head, on sodaine gan to pricke her.
Whil'st smiling Clore midst her enuious blushes,
Gan blame her feare and pretilie said thus;
Worse prickes than these are found among these bushes,
And yet such prickes are scarcelie feard of vs.
May-soft (said Chelis) prickes do make birds sing,
But prickes in Ladies bosomes often sting.
Thus iest they on the Nightingales report,
And on the prickle of the Eglantine
On Nais song, and all the whole consort
In publique this sweete sentence did assigne;
That while some smile, some sigh through change of time;
Some smart, some sport amidst their youthlie prime.
Such wreathes as bound the Thebans iuorie brow;
Such gay trickt garlands pleit these iollie Dames;
The flowres themselues when as the Nimphes gan bowe,
Gan vaile their crestes in honour of their names:
And smilde their sweete and wood with so much glee,
As if they said, sweet Nimph come gather mee.

But penciue Glaucus passionate with painings,
Amidst their reuell thus began his ruth;
Nimphes, flie these Groues late blasted with my plainings,
For cruell Silla will regard my truth:
And leaue vs two consorted in our gronings,
To register with teares our bitter monings.
The flouds do faile their course to see our crosse,
The fields forsake their greene to beare our griefe,
The rockes will weepe whole springs to marke our losse,
The hills relent to store our scant reliefe,
The aire repines, the penciue birds are heauie,
The trees to see vs paind no more are leauie.
Ay me, the Shepheards let their flockes want feeding;
And flockes to see their palie face are sorie,
The Nimphes to spie the flockes and shepheards needing
Prepare their teares to beare our tragicke storie:
Whilst we surprisde with griefe cannot disclose them,
With sighing with the world for to suppose them.
He that hath seene the sweete Arcadian boy
Wiping the purple from his forced wound,
His prettie teares betokening his annoy,
His sighes, his cries, his falling on the ground,
The Ecchoes ringing from the rockes his fall,
The trees with teares reporting of his thrall:
And Venus starting at her loue-mates crie,
Forcing hir birds to hast her chariot on;
And full of griefe at last with piteous eie
Seene where all pale with death he lay alone,
Whose beautie quaild, as wont the Lillies drop
When-wastfull winter windes doo make them stoop:
Her daintie hand addrest to dawe her deere,
Her roseall lip alied to his pale cheeke,
Her sighes, and then her lookes and heauie cheere,
Her bitter threates, and then her passions meeke;
How on his senseles corpes she lay a crying,
As if the boy were then but new a dying.

He

He that hath bewd Angelica the faire
Bestraught with fancie nere the Caspian springs:
Renting the tresses of her golden haire,
How on her harpe with pitious notes she sings
Of Rolands ruth, of Medors false depart,
Sighing each rest from center of her heart.
How now she writes vpon a beechen bow
Her Medors name, and bedlam like againe
Calls all the heauen to witnes of his vow,
And straight againe begins a mournefull straine,
And how in thought of her true faith forsooken
He fled her bowres, and how his league was broken.
Aye me who markes her harpe hang vp againe
Vpon the willowes watered with her teares,
And how she rues to read her Rolands paine,
When but the shadowe of his name appeares;
Would make more plainings from his eyes to flee
Than teares distill from amber weeping tree.
He that hath knowne the passionate mishappes
That nere Olimpus faire Lucina felt
When as her Latium loue her fancie trappes,
How with suspect her inward soule doth melt:
Or markt the Horne her Cephalus complaining,
May then recount the course of all our paining.
But tender Nimphes to you belongs no teene;
Then fauor me in flying from this bower
Whereas but care and thought of crosses been,
Leaue me that lose my selfe through fancies power,
Through fancies power which had I leaue to lose it,
No fancie then should see me for to chose it.
When you are fled the Heauen shall lowre for sorrowe,
The day orecast shalbe bedtime with sable,
The aire from Sea such streaming showres shall borrow
As earth to beare the brunt shall not be able,
And shippes shall safely saile whereas before
The ploughman watcht the reaping of his corne.

Goe

Goe you in peace to Neptunes watrie ſound,
No more may Glaucus play him with ſo prettie;
But ſhun reſort where ſolace nill be found,
And plaine my Scillaes pride and want of pittie:
Alas ſweet Nimphs my Godhead's all in vaine,
For why this breſt includes immortall paine.
Scilla hath eyes, but two ſweete eyes hath Scilla;
Scilla hath hands, faire hands but coy in touching;
Scilla in wit ſurpaſſeth graue Sibilla,
Scilla hath words, but words well ſtorde with grutching;
Scilla a Saint in loke, no Saint in ſcorning:
Loke Saint-like Scilla, leaſt I die with mourning.
Alas why talke I? Sea-god ceaſe to mourne her,
For in her nay my ioyes are euer ceaſing:
Ceaſe life or loue, then ſhall I neuer blame her;
But neither loue nor life may finde decreaſing.
A mortall wound is my immortall being,
Which paſſeth thought, or eyes aduiſed ſeeing.
Herewith his faltring tongue by ſighs oppreſſed
Forſoke his office, and his bloud reſorted
To feede the heart that wholly was diſtreſſed,
Whilſt pale (like Pallas flowre) my knee ſupported
His feeble head and arme, ſo full of anguiſh,
That they which ſawe his ſorrowes gan to languiſh.
Themis the topeſt of this beauteous traine
On hillie toppes the wonderous Moly found,
Which dipt in balmie deaw ſhe gan to ſtraine,
And brought her preſent to recure his wound:
Clore ſhe gathered Amaranthus flower,
And Nais Aiax bloſſom in that ſtowre.
Some chafe his temples with their louelie hands,
Some ſprinkle water on his pale wan cheekes,
Some weepe, ſome wake, ſome curſe affections bandes;
To ſee ſo young, ſo faire, become ſo weake:
But not their pitious hearbs, or ſprings haue working,
To eaſe that heart where wanton loue is lurking.

Maithles

Naithles though loath to shewe his holy kindnes
On euerie one he spent a looke for fauour,
And prayed their pardon vouching Cupids blindnes,
(Oh fancies fond that naught but sorrowes sauour);
To see a louely God leaue Sea Nimphes so:
Who cannot downe vpon his deadly woe:
Themis that knewe, that waters long restrained
Breake forth with greater billowes than the brookes
That swetely float through meades with flowres distained,
With cheerefull laies did raise his heauie lookes;
And bad him speake and tell what him agreeu'd:
For griefes disclos'd (said she) are soone releeu'd.
And as she wisht so all the rest did woe him;
By whose incessant suites at last inuited,
He thus discouered that which did vndoo him,
And orderlie his hideous harmes recited,
When first which fingers wagge he gan to still them,
And thus with drierie tearmes of loue did fill them.
Ah Nimphes (quoth he) had I by reason learnt
That secret art which birdes haue gaind by sence,
By due foresight misfortune to preuent;
Or could my wit controule mine eyes offence:
You then should smile and I should tell such stories,
As woods, and waues should triumph in our glories.
But Nereus daughters, Sea-borne Saints attend,
Lake breeding Geese when from the Easterne clime
They list vnto the westerne waters wend
To choose their place of rest by course of time,
Approaching Taurus haughtie topped hill
They charme their cackle by this wondrous skill.
The climing mountaine neighbouring ayre welnie,
Hath harbored in his rockes and desart haunts
Whole airies of Eagles prest to flie
That gazing on the Sonne their birth right vaunts,
Which birds of Ioue with deadlie fewde pursue
The wandering Geese, when so they presse in newe.

Theſe fearefull flitting troopes by nature tought,
Paſſing theſe dangerous places of purſuit:
When all the deſart dales they through haue ſought,
With pibbles ſtop their beakes to make them mute,
And by this meanes their dangerous deathes preuent
And gaine their wiſhed waters of frequent.
But I fond God (I God complaine thy follie)
Let birds by ſenſe exceede my reaſon farre:
Whilom than I who was more ſtrong and iollie
Who more contemnd affections wanton warre:
Who leſſe than I lou'd luſtfull Cupids arrowes:
Who now with curſe & plagues powre Glaucus harrowes.
How haue I leapt to heare the Tritons play
A harſh retreat vnto the ſwelling flouds:
How haue I kept the Dolphins at a bay,
When as I ment to charme their wanton mods?
How haue the angrie windes growne calme for loue,
When as theſe fingers did my harpe ſtrings moue?
Was any Nimph, you Nimphes was euer any
That tangled not her fingers in my treſſe:
Some well I wot and of that ſome full many
Wisht or my faire, or their deſire were leſſe
Euen Ariadne gazing from the ſkie
Became enamorde of powre Glaucus eye.
Amidſt this pride of youth and beauties treaſure
It was my chaunce, you flods can tell my chancing,
Fleeting along Sicillian bounds for pleaſure.
To ſpie a Nimph of ſuch a radiant glancing,
As when I lookt, a beame of ſubtill firing
From eye to heart incenſt a deepe deſiring.
Ah had the baſe of reaſon clad mine eye,
This foe of freedome had not burnt my heart:
But birds are bleſt, and moſt accurſt am I
Who muſt repoyte her gloyies to my ſmart,
The Nimph I ſawe and lou'de her, all to cruell!
Scilla, faire Scilla, my fond fancies iuell.

Her

Her haire not trust, but scattered on her brow,
Surpassing Hiblas honnie for the view,
Or softned golden wires; I know not how
Loue with a radiant beautie did pursue
My two iudiciall eyes, in darting fire
That kindled straight in me my fond desire.
Within these snares first was my heart intrapped,
Till through those golden shrowdes mine eies did see
An vnzie shadowed front, wherein was wrapped
Those pretie bowres where Graces couched be:
Next which her cheekes appeerd like crimson silk,
Or ruddie rose besprzed on whitest milk.
Twixt which the nose in louely tenor bends,
(Two traitrous pretie for a Louers view:)
Next which her lips like violets commends
By true proportion that which doth insue;
Which when they smile, present vnto the eies
The Oceans pride and vnzie paradice.
Her pollisht necke of milke white snowes doth shine,
As when the Mone in Winter night beholdes them:
Her breast of alablaster cleere and fine,
Whereon two rising apples faire vnfolds them
Like Cinthias face when in her full she shineth,
And blushing to her Loue-mates bower declineth.
From whence in length her armes do sweetly spred
Like two rare branchie saples in the Spring,
Yeelding fiue louely sprigs from euerie head,
Proportioned alike in euerie thing;
Which featly sprout in length like springborne frends,
Whose pretie tops with fiue sweet roses ends.
But why alas should I that Marble hide
That doth adorne the one and other flanke,
From whence a mount of quickned snow doth glide;
Or els the vale that bounds this milkwhite banke,
Where Venus and her sisters hide the fount,
Whose louely Nectar dooth all sweetes surmount.

Confounded with descriptions, I must leaue them;
Louers must thinke, and Poets must report them:
For silly wits may neuer well conceaue them,
Unlesse a speciall grace from heauen consort them.
Aies me, these faires attending Scilla won me:
But now (sweet Nimphes) attēd what hath vndon me.
The louely breast where all this beautie rested,
Shrowded within a world of deepe disdaine:
For where I thought my fancie should be feasted
With kinde affect, alas (vnto my paine)
When first I woode the wanton straight was flying,
And gaue repulse before we talkt of trying.
How oft haue I (too often haue I done so)
In silent night when euerie eye was sleeping,
Drawne neere her caue, in hope her loue were won so,
Forcing the neighboring waters through my weeping
To wake the windes, who did afflict her dwelling
Whilst I with teares my passion was a telling.
When midst the Caspian seas the wanton plaid,
I drew whole wreaths of corrall from the rockes:
And in her lap my heauenly presents laid:
But she vnkind rewarded me with mockes.
Such are the fruites that spring from Ladies coying,
Who smile at teares, and are intrapt with toying.
Tongue might growe wearie to report my wooings,
And heart might burst to thinke of her deniall:
May none be blamde but heauen for all these dooings,
That yeeld no helpes inmidst of all my triall.
Heart, tongue, thought, pen nil serue me to repent me,
Disdaine her selfe should striue for to lament me.
Wretched Loue let me die, end my loue by my death;
Dead alas still I liue, flie my life, fade my loue.
But alas loue abides, still I ioy vitall breath:
Death in loue, louk is death, woe is me that do proue.
Paine and woe, care & griefe euery day about me houers:
Thē but death what can quel al ỹ plages of hapless louers?

Aies

Aies me my moanings are like water drops
That neede an age to pearce her marble heart,
I sow'd true zeale, yet fruiteles were my crops:
I plighted faith, yet falsehoode wrought my smart:
I praisd her lookes, her lookes dispised Glaucus,
Was euer amorous Sea-god scorned thus?
A hundereth swelling tides my mother spent
Upon these lockes, and all hir Nimphes were preest,
To pleit them faire when to her bowre I went:
Ye that hath seene the wandring Phœbus creest,
Toucht with the Chrystall of Eurotas spring,
The pride of these my bushie locks might sing.
But short discourse beseemes my bad successe,
Eache office of a louer I performed:
So feruently my passions did her presse,
So sweete my laies, my speech so well reformed,
That (cruell) when she sawe naught would begile me
With angrie lookes the Nimph did thus exile me.
Packe hence thou fondling to the westerne Seas,
Within some calmy riuer shrowd thy head:
For neuer shall my faire thy loue appease,
Since fancie from this bosome late is fled:
And if thou loue me shewe it in departing:
For why thy presence dooth procure my smarting.
This said with angrie lookes, away she hasted
As fast as flie the flouds before the winds:
When I poore soule with wretched sorrowes wasted,
Exclaimde on loue, which wit and reason blinds:
And banisht from hir bowre with wofull poasting
I bent my selfe to seeke a forreine coasting.
At last in wandring through the greater Seas
It was my chance to passe the noted streights:
And wearied sore in seeking after ease,
Amidst the creekes, and watrie coole receits,
I spied from farre by helpe of sonnie beames
A fruitefull Ile begirt with Ocean streames.

Weſtward I fleeted, and with heedfull eie
Beheld the chalkie cliffes that tempt the aire,
Till at the laſt it was my chance to ſpie
A pleaſant entrance to the flouds repaire;
Through which I preſt, and wondring there beheld
On either ſide a ſweete and fruitfull field.
Iſis (the Ladie of that louely ſtreame)
Made holiday in view of my reſort;
And all the Nimphes of that her watrie realme
Gan trip for ioy, to make me mickle ſport:
But I poore ſoule with no ſuch ioyes contented,
For looke their bowers, and ſecretly lamented.
All ſolitarie rome I heere about,
Now on the ſhoare, now in the ſtreame I weepe,
Fire burnes within, and gaſtly feare without,
No reſt, no eaſe, no hope of any ſleepe:
Poore baniſht God, heere haue I ſtill remained,
Since time my Scilla hath my ſutes diſdained.
And heere conſort I now with hapleſſe men,
Yeelding them comfort, (though my wound be cureleſſe)
Songs of remorſe I warble now and then,
Wherein I curſe fond Loue and Fortune dureleſſe,
Wan hope my weale, my truſt but bad aduenture,
Circumference is care, my heart the center.
Whileſt thus he ſpake, fierce Ate charmde his tongue,
His ſenſes faild, his armes were folded ſtraight,
And now he ſighes, and then his heart is ſtung;
Againe he ſpeakes gainſt fancies fond deceit,
And teares his treſſes with his fingers faire,
And rents his roabs, halfe mad with deepe diſpaire.
The piteous Nimphes that viewd his heauie plight,
And heard the ſequell of his bad ſucceſſe,
Did looſe the ſprings of their remorſefull ſight,
And wept ſo ſore to ſee his ſcant redreſſe:
That of their teares there grew a prettie brooke,
Whoſe Chriſtall cleares the clowdes of penciue looke.

Alas

Alas woes me, how oft haue I bewept
So faire, so yong, so louely, and so kinde,
And whilst the God vpon my bosome slept,
Behelde the scarres of his afflicted minde,
Imprinted in his yuorie brow by care,
That fruitlesse fancie left vnto his share.
My wandring lines, bewitch not so my sences:
But gentle Muse direct their course aright,
Delayes in tragicke tales procure offences:
Yeeld me such feeling words, that whilst I wright
My working lines may fill mine eyes with languish,
And they to note my mones may melt with anguish.
The wofull Glaucus thus with woes attainted,
The penciue Nimphes agreeud to see his plight,
The flouds and fields with his laments acquainted,
My selfe amazd to see this heauie sight;
On sodaine Thetis with her traine approched,
And grauely thus her amorous sonne reproched.
My sonne (said she) immortall haue I made thee,
Amidst my watrie realmes who may compare
Or match thy might? Why then should care inuade thee,
That art so yong, so louely, fresh and faire.
Alas fond God, it merits great reprouing
In States of worth, to doate on foolish louing.
Come wend with me, and midst thy Fathers bowre
Let vs disport and frolicke for a while
In spite of Loue: although he powte and lowre,
Good exercise will idle lusts beguile:
Let wanton Scilla coy her where she will,
Liue thou my sonne by reasons leuell still.
Thus said the Goddesse: and although her words
Gaue signes of counsaile, pompe and maiestie:
Yet natheless her piteous eye affoords
Some pretie witnesse to the standers by,
That in her thoughts (for all her outward show)
She mourn'd to see her Sonne amated so.

But

But (welladay) her words haue little force,
The haples louer worne with working woe,
Upon the ground lay pale as any corse,
And were not teares which from his eyes did flowe,
And sighes that witnesse he enioyd his breath,
They might haue thought him Citizen of death.
Which spectacle of care made Thetis bow,
And call on Glaucus, and command her Sonne
To yéelde her right: and hir aduice allow,
But (woe) the man whome fancie had vndone
Will marke her rules: nor words, nor wéeping teares
Can fasten counsaile in the louers eares.
The Quéene of Sea, with all hir Nimphes assured
That no perswasion might releéue his care:
Knéeling adowne, their faltring tongues enured
To tempt faire Venus by their vowed praier:
The course whereof as I could beare in minde
With sorrowing sobbes they vttered in this kinde.
Borne of the Sea, thou Paphian Quéene of loue,
Mistris of swéete conspiring harmonie:
Lady of Cipris, for whose swéete behoue
The Scépeheards praise the youth of Thessallie:
Daughter of Ioue and Sister to the Sonne,
Assist poore Glaucus late by loue vndone.
So maist thou baine thée in Th'arcadian brookes,
And play with Vulcans riuall when thou list,
And calme his iealous anger by thy lookes,
And knit thy temples with a roseat twist
If thou thy selfe and thine almightie Sonne,
Assist poore Glaucus late by loue vndone.
May earth still praise thée for her kinde increase:
And beasts adore thée for their fruitfull wombes,
And fowles with notes thy praises neuer cease,
And Bées admire thée for their honnie combes:
So thou thy selfe and thine almightie Sonne,
Assist poore Glaucus late by loue vndone.

No sooner from her reuerent lips were past
Those latter lines, but mounting in the East,
Faire Venus in her ivorie coatch did hast,
And toward those peneiue dames, her course addrest;
Her doues so plied their waning wings with slight,
That straight the sacred Goddesse came in sight.
Upon her head she bare that gorgeous Crowne,
Wherein the pure Amyntas is a starre;
Her louely lockes, her bosome hang adowne
(Those netts that first insnar'd the God of warre:)
Delicious louely shine her prettie eies,
And on her cheekes carnatioon cloudes arise,
The stately roab she ware vpon her back
Was lillie white, wherein with cullored silke;
Her Nimphes had blaz'd the pong Adonis wrack,
And Ledas rape by Swan as white as milke,
And on her lap her louely Sonne was plaste,
Whose beautie all his mothers pompe defaste.
A wreath of roses hem'd his Temples in,
His tresse was curlde and cleere as beaten gold;
Haught were his lookes, and louely was his skin,
Each part as pure as Heauens eternall mold,
And on his eies a milkewhite wreath was spred,
Which longst his backe, with prettie pleits did shed.
Two daintie wings of partie coulored plumes
Adorne his shoulders dallying with the winde;
His left hand weelds a Torch, that euer fumes:
And in his right, his bowe that fancies bind,
And on his back his Quiuer hangs well stored
With sundrie shaftes, that sundrie hearts haue gored.
The Deities ariu'd in place desired;
Faire Venus her to Thetis first bespake,
Princesse of Sea (quoth she) as you required
From Ceston which my Sonne, my course I take:
Frollick faire Goddesse, Nimphs forsake your plaining,
My Sonne hath power and fauour yet remaining.

With that the reuerend powres each other kissed,
And Cupid smil'd vpon the Nimphes for pleasure:
So naught but Glaucus solace there was missed,
Which to effect the Nimphes withouten measure
Intreate the God, who at the last drewe nie
The place, where Glaucus full of care did lie,
And from his bowe a furious dart hee sent
Into that wound which he had made before:
That like Achilles sworde became the teint
To cure the wound that it had caru'd before:
And sodeinly the Sea-god started vp:
Reuiude, relieud, and free from Fancies cup.
No more of loue, no more of hate he spoke,
No more he forst the sighes from out his breast:
His sodaine ioye his pleasing smiles prouoke,
And all aloft he shakes his bushie creast,
Greeting the Gods and Goddesses beside,
And euerie Nimph vpon that happie tide.
Cupid and he together hand in hand
Approach the place of this renowned traine:
Ladies (said he) releast from amorous band,
Receiue my prisoner to your grace againe.
Glaucus gaue thankes, when Thetis glad with blisse
Embrast his neck, and his kind cheekes did kisse.
To see the Nimphes in flockes about him play,
How Nais kempt his head, and washt his browes:
How Thetis checkt him with his welladay,
How Clore told him of his amorous vowes,
How Venus prasid him for his faithfull loue,
Within my heart a sodein ioy did moue.
Whilst in this glee this holy troupe delight,
Along the streame a farre faire Scilla floated,
And coilie vaunst hir creast in open sight:
Whose beauties all the tides with wonder noated,
For whom Palemon and the Tritons danced
Whilst she hir limmes vpon the tide aduanced.

Whose

Whose swift approach made all the Godheads wonder:
Glaucus gan smile to see his louelie foe,
Rage almost rent poore Thetis heart asonder:
Was neuer happie troope confused so
As were these deities and daintie dames,
When they beheld the cause of Glaucus blames.
Venus commends the carriage of her eye,
Nais vpbraides the dimple in her chinne,
Cupid desires to touch the wantons thie,
Clore she sweares that euerie eie doth sinne
That likes a Nimph that so contemneth loue,
As no attempts her lawles heart may moue.
Thetis impatient of her wrong sustained,
With enuious teares her roseat cheekes afflicted;
And thus of Scillas former pride complained;
Cupid (said she) see her that hath inflicted
The deadlie wound that harmde my louelie sonne,
From whome the offring of my care begonne.
Oh if there dwell within thy brest my boy
Or grace, or pittie, or remorse (said she)
Now bend thy bowe, abate yon wantons ioy,
And let these Nimphes thy rightfull iustice see.
The God sone won, gan shote, and cleft her heart
With such a shaft as causd her endles smart.
The tender Nimph attainted vnawares,
Fares like the Libian Lionesse that flies
The Hunters Launce that wounds her in his snares;
Now gins shee loue, and straight on Glaucus cries;
Whilst on the shore the goddesses reioyce,
And all the Nimphes afflict the ayre with noyse.
To shoare she flitts, and swift as Affrick wind
Her soting glides vpon the yeelding grasse,
And wounded by affect recure to finde
She sodainely with sighes approcht the place
Where Glaucus sat, and wearie with her harmes
Gan claspe the Sea-god in her amorous armes.

Glaucus my loue (quoth she) looke on thy louer,
Smile gentle Glaucus on the Nimph that likes thée;
But starke as stone sat he, and list not proue her:
(Ah silly Nimph the selfesame God that strikes thée
With fancies darte, and hath thy freedome slaine)
Wounds Glaucus with the arrowe of disdaine.
Oh kisse no more kind Nimph he likes no kindnes,
Loue sleepes in him, to flame within thy brest.
Cleer'd are his eies, where thine are clad with blindnes;
Free'd be his thoughts, where thine must taste vnrest:
Yet will she leaue, for neuer loue will leaue her,
But fruitles hopes and fatall happes deceaue her.
Lord how her lippes doo dwell vpon his cheekes;
And how she lookes for babies in his eies:
And how she sighes, and sweares shé loues and lékes,
And how she vowes, and he her vowes enuies:
Trust me the enuious Nimphs in looking on,
Were forst with teares for to assist her mone.
How oft with blushes would she plead for grace,
How oft with whisperings would she tempt his eares:
How oft with Chrystall did she wet his face:
How oft she wipte them with her Amber heares:
So oft me thought, I oft in heart desired
To sée the end whereto disdaine aspired.
Palemon with the Tritons roare for griefe,
To sée the Mistris of their ioyes amated:
But Glaucus scornes the Nimph, that waites relieke:
And more she loues the more the Sea-god hated, (me
Such change, such chance, such sutes, such stormes beléeue
Poore silly wretch did hartely agréeue me.
As when the fatall bird of Augurie
Séeing a stormie dismall cloude arise.
Within the South, foretells with piteous crie
The wéeping tempest, that on sudden hies:
So the poore soule, in view of his disdaine
Began to descant on her future paine.

And

And fixing eye vpon the fatall ground,
Whole hoasts of flouds drew deaw from out her eyes;
And when through inward griefe the lasse did sound,
The softned grasse like billowes did arise
To woe her brests, and wed her limmes so daintie,
Whom wretched loue had made so weake and faintie,
(Ayes me), me thinks I see her Thetis fingers
Renting her locks as she were woe begon her;
And now her lippes vpon his lipping fingers:
Oh lingring paine where loue nill list to mone her:
Rue me that writes, for why her ruth deserues it:
Hope needs must faile, where sorrow scarce preserues it.
To make long tale were tedious to the wofull,
Wofull that read what wofull shee approoued:
In briefe her heart with deepe dispaire was so full,
As since she might not win her sweete beloued.
With hideous cries like winde borne backe she fled
Unto the Sea, and toward Sicillia sped.
Sweete Zephirus vpon that fatall howre
In haples tide midst watrie world was walking;
Whose milder sighes, alas, had little power
To whisper peace amongst the Godheads talking:
Who all in one conclude for to pursue,
The haples Nimph, to see what would ensue.
Venus her selfe and her faire Sonne gan hie
Within their ivorie Coach drawne forth by doues
After this haples Nimph, their power to trie:
The Nimphes in hope to see their vowed loues,
Gan cut the watrie boasom of the tide,
As in Cayster Phœbus birds doe glide.
Thetis in pompe vpon a Tritons back
Did poast her straight attended by her traine;
But Glaucus free from loue by louers wrack,
Seeing me pensiue where I did remaine,
Upon a Dolphin horst me (as he was)
Thus on the Ocean hand in hand we passe,

Our talke midway was nought but still of wonder,
Of change, of chaunce, of sorrow, and her ending;
I wept for want: he said, time bringes men vnder,
And secret want can finde but small befrending.
And as he said, in that before I tried it,
I blamde my wit forewarnd, yet neuer spied it.
What néede I talke the order of my way,
Discourse was steeresman while my barke did saile,
My ship conceit, and fancie was my bay:
If these faile me, then faint my Muse and faile,
Hast brought vs where the haples Nimph sojourned,
Beating the weeping waues that for her mourned.
He that hath séene the Northren blastes dispoile
The pompe of Prime, and with a whistling breath
Blast and dispearse the beauties of the soile;
May thinke vpon her paines more worse than death.
Alas poore Lasse the Ecchoes in the rockes
Of Sicilie, her piteous plaining mockes.
Eccho her selfe when Scilla cried out O loue!
With piteous voice from out her hollow den
Returnd these words, these words of sorrow, (no loue)
No loue (quoth she) then fie on traiterous men,
Then fie on hope: then fie on hope (quoth Eccho)
To euerie word the Nimph did answere so.
For euery sigh, the Rockes returnes a sigh;
For euerie teare, their fountaines yeelds a drop;
Till we at last the place approached nigh,
And heard the Nimph that fed on sorrowes sop
Make woods, and waues, and rockes, and hills admire
The wonderous force of her vntam'd desire.
Glaucus (quoth she) is faire: whilst Eccho sings
Glaucus is faire: but yet he hateth Scilla
The wretch reportes: and then her armes she wrings
Whilst Eccho tells her this, he hateth Scilla,
No hope (quoth she): no hope (quoth Eccho) then.
Then fie on men: when she said, fie on men.

Furie

Furie and Rage, Wan-hope, Diſpaire, and Woe
From Ditis den by Ate ſent, drewe nie:
Furie was red, with rage his eyes did gloe,
Whole flakes of fire from forth his mouth did flie,
His hands and armes bath'd in blood of thoſe
Whome fortune, ſinne, or fate made Countries foes.
Rage, wan and pale vpon a Tiger ſat,
Knawing vpon the bones of mangled men;
Naught can he view, but he repinde thereat:
His lockes were Snakes bred forth in Stigian den,
Next whom, Diſpaire that deepe diſdained elf
Delightleſſe liude, ſtill ſtabbing of her ſelf.
Woe all in blacke, within her hands did beare
The fatall torches of a Funerall,
Her Cheekes were wet, diſpearſed was hir heare,
Her voice was ſhrill (yet loathſome therewith all):
Wan-hope (poore ſoule) on broken Ancker ſitts,
Wringing his armes as robbed of his witts.
Theſe fiue at once the ſorrowing Nimph aſſaile,
And captiue lead her bound into the rocks,
Where howling ſtill ſhe ſtriues for to preuaile.
With no auaile yet ſtriues ſhe: for hir locks
Are chang'd with wonder into hideous ſands,
And hard as flint become her ſnow-white hands.
The waters howle with fatall tunes about her,
The aire doth ſcoule when as ſhe turnes within them,
The winds and waues with puffes and billowes ſkout her;
Waues ſtorme, aire ſcoules, both wind & waues begin them
To make the place this mournful Nimph doth weepe in,
A hapleſs haunt whereas no Nimph may keepe in.
The Sea-man wandring by that famous Iſle,
Shuns all with feare diſpairing Scillaes bowre;
Nimphes, Sea-gods, Syrens when they liſt to ſmile
Forſake the haunt of Scilla in that ſtowre:
Ah Nimphes thought I, if euerie coy one felt
The like miſhappes, their flintie hearts would melt.

Thetis

Thetis reioyst to see her foe depressd,
Glaucus was glad, since Scilla was enthrald;
The Nimphs gan smile, to boast their Glaucus rest:
Venus and Cupid in their throanes enstald,
At Thetis beck to Neptunes bowre repaire,
Where as they feast amidst his pallace faire.
Of pure immortall Nectar is their drinke,
And sweete Ambrosia dainties do repast them,
The Tritons sing, Palemon smiles to thinke
Upon the chance, and all the Nimphs do hast them
To trick vp mossie garlands where they woon,
For louely Venus and her conquering Sonne.
From forth the fountaines of his mothers store,
Glaucus let flie a daintie Christall baine
That washt the Nimphs with labour tir'd before:
Cupid hee trips among this louely traine,
Alonely I apart did write this storie
With many a sigh and heart full sad and sorie.
Glaucus when all the Goddesses tooke rest,
Mounted vpon a Dolphin full of glee:
Conueide me friendly from this honored feast,
And by the way, such Sonnets song to me,
That all the Dolphins neighbouring of his glide
Daunst with delight, his reuerend course beside.
At last he left me, where at first he found me,
Willing me let the world and ladies knowe
Of Scillas pride, and then by oath he bound me
To write no more, of that whence shame dooth grow:
Or tie my pen to Pennie-knaues delight,
But liue with fame, and so for fame to write.

Lennoy.

LAdies he left me, trust me I misslay not,
But so he left me as he wild me tell you:
That Nimphs must yeeld, when faithfull louers straie not,
Least through contempt, almightie loue compell you
With *Scilla* in the rockes to make your biding
A cursed plague, for womens proud back-sliding.

FINIS.

Glaucus complaint written *by the ſaid Gent.*

THe Billowes that by windes aſſiſting breath
Do beate vpon the rocks at laſt do peirce them:
Ah then (thou gentle offſpring of my death)
Why faile my plaints when penciue I rehearſe them
To wound thine eares: when as my words excéd them,
And that my ſighes in ſteade of windes do leade them.
Along the flœds I wander all forlorne,
Nor may the Sea-nimphes ſmiles enforce me play:
But if I think, I think vpon thy ſcorne,
And if I wiſh, I wiſh my diſmall day,
Oh fruites of loue, oh powrefull courſe of paine:
That one ſhould like the thing that hath him ſlaine.
Looke in my mothers Chriſtall face, faire maide,
There read the ſtorie of my bitter ſtate;
My teares her ſiluer floatings haue alaid,
Her troubled lookes foreſhowe my wretched fate:
If not for me, yet mourne her bitter wéping,
And pittie him whoſe heart is in thy képing.
Take pittie Scilla, pittie thou thy louer;
For thou art faire, and beautie ſhould haue pittie,
Alas ſhe flies, perſwaſions cannot moue her,
She is too wanton, or too fooliſh wittie:
Along the floates the ſcalie troopes encreaſe,
Yet will ſhe loue to maintaine natures peace.
Oh ſtepdame Nature haſt thou ſhut theſe faires
Within the rampeir of ſo déepe diſdaine,
To kill a God with ſorrowes and diſpaires:
Would God thy powre (to leſſen all my paine)
Were dead in her; or fancies quenchles fire
Might from my breſt with ceaſeles courſe retire.

But all in vaine (so vaine is loues pursute)
Trie I her eares, and tempt her hardned heart:
Cease wretched tongue, twere better still be mute,
Than tell a tale of griefe and endles smart
To her that grounds her glories on disdaine,
And takes a pride to viewe my bitter paine.
(Fond that I am) all these are faint supposes:
Imperious Loue (to shewe his endles power)
My tender and immortall heart encloses
Within the center of her lovely lowre:
That all may see, Loues prison is her eie,
And Gods must stoope vnto his deitie.
Yet (Loue) allot prescriptions vnto woe;
Els will the sowre exceed the swéete by farre:
Or levell pittie from thy lawles bowe,
That sorrowe in excesse, may cause a warre
That may consume, if not confound my life;
And I may séeme to die amidst the strife.
The deafe nill heare: both she and Loue together
Haue made a match to aggreuate my griefe:
I see my hell, there rests no hope in either:
From proud contempt there springeth no relieſe,
What rests there then but since I may not gaine her,
In piteous tearmes and teares for to complaine her.

FINIS.

The

The Diſcontented Satyre written by Thomas Lodge *Gent.*

SUch time as from her Mothers tender lap
The night aroſe, guarded with gentle winds:
And with her precious dew refreſht the ſap
Of blome and barke (whilſt that her mantle blinds
The baile of heauen) and euery bird was ſtill
Saue Philomele, that did bemoane her ill.
When in the Weſt Orion lift aloft
His ſtarrie creſt, and ſmil'd vpon the Twins;
And Cynthia ſæmely bright (whoſe eie full oft
Had watcht her loue) with radient light begins
To pierce the baile of ſilence with her beames,
Sporting with wanton cleere on Ocean ſtreames.
When little winds in beating of their wings,
Did woe the eies to leaue their wonted wake,
And all was huſht ſaue Zephyrus, that ſings
With louely breathings for the Sea-nimphs ſake:
My watchfull griefes perplext my minde ſo ſore,
That forth I walkt my ſorrowes to deplore.
The doaly ſeaſon that reſembled well
My droping heart, gaue life to my lament:
Each twinckling lamp that in the heauens did dwell
Gan reſt his courſe to hearken mine entent:
Foorth went I ſtill deuiſing on my feare
Diſtinguiſhing each footeſtep with a teare.
My working thought deluding of my pace,
At laſt did bring me to a deſart dale,
(By enuious mountaines robd of Phœbus face)
Where growes no herb to taſte of deaws auaile,
In midſt thereof, vpon a bed of moſſe
A Satyre did his reſtles bodie toſſe.

Stearne were his lookes, afflicting all the fẽlds
That were in view; his bushie lockes vndrest
With terror hang, his hauiour horror yẽlds,
And with the sight my sorrowes were suppreſt;
So, nẽre I drewe, when sodenly he roase,
And thus in tearmes his purpose did disclose.
Blush daies eternall lampe to sẽe thy lot,
Since that thy clẽre with cloudy darkes is scard;
Lowre on faire Cinthia for I like thẽe not;
For borrowed beauties, merit no regard:
Boast Discontent, naught may depresse thy powre,
Since in thy selfe all griefe thou doost deuoure.
Thou art the God whome I alone adore
Whose powre includeth discords all in one,
Confusions are thy foode and fatall store,
Thy name is feard where thou art most vnknowne;
Thy grace is great, for fortunes laugh and lowre
Assailes them not, that glorie in thy powre.
The minde through thẽe diuines on endlesse things,
And formes a Heauen through others fond mislikes;
Time loathes thy haunt, yet lends thẽe many wings:
Refined wits against thy bulwarke strikes;
And when their curious thoughts are ouerpast,
They scorne their bookes, and like thy bent at last.
For who but thou can yẽld them any gaine?
Depriue the world of perfect Discontent;
All glories end, true honor straight is slaine,
And life it selfe in errors course is spent,
All toile dooth sort but to a sorrie end,
For through mislikes, each learnes for to commend.
What made fierce Phillips sonne to manage armes,
To vaile the pride of Persia by his sword,
But thou my God, that he by others harmes
Might raise his seate: and thereby still afford
A cause of discontent to them that lost,
And hate in him that by their powre was crost.

Let

Let enuie cease, what Prince can make it knowne
How dære he loues his best estæmed friends:
For were not some of purpose ouerthrowne,
Who may discerne whereto true fauor tends:
Thus Princes discontent dooth honor some,
And others through their hates to credit come.
Without thy helpe the Soldier shunnes the fæld:
You studeous Arts how fatall haps had you,
If discontents did not some succors yæld:
Oh flæting Fame who could thy grace pursue:
Did not my God send emulations out
To whet the wits and pens of Pallas rout,
How could the Heauens haue retrograde aspects
Without thy helpe: How might the Plannets finde
Their oppositions, and their strange effects,
Unlesse thy powre assisted euerie kinde:
The aire by thæ at first inuented voice,
Which once reuerberate, straight yælds a noice.
The pencile man that with a careles hand
Hath shaddowed Venus, hates his slack regard;
And all amaz'd doth discontented stand,
And mends the same that he before had mard:
Who sæs not then that it was Discontent,
That sight to eie, and perfect iudgement lent:
The schooleman that with hædlesse floxish wrytes,
Refines his fault, if thou direct his eie:
And then againe with wonder he endites
Such swæte sententious lines, as neuer die:
Lost in my selfe in praising of thy might,
My spæch yælds vp his office to delight.
This said he smil'd, and on his restles bed
Repose and tost his indisposed lims:
A world of thoughts still hammerd in his head,
Now would he slæpe, and straight his couch he trims:
And then he walkes, and therewith sits him downe:
And faines to sing, yet endeth with a frowne.

I stood amaz'd and wondred at his words,
And sought to suck the soule from out his lips,
His rare discourse such wondrous iope affords:
But vnawares, like lightfoote Fawne he trips
Along the lawnes: and I with watch forespent,
Drew home and vowde to honor Discontent.

FINIS. *Thomas Lodge.*

Sundrie sweete Poems
written by the said
Gent.

In praise of the Countrey life.

MOst happie blest the man that midst his countrie bowers
Without suspect of hate, or dread of enuious tongue
May dwell among his owne: not dreading fortunes lowres,
Farre frō those publique plagues that mightie men hath stoong:
Whose libertie and peace is neuer sold for gaine,
Whose words doo neuer sooth a wanton princes vaine.
Incertaine hopes, and vowes, doo neuer harme his thought,
And vaine desires doo shunne the place of his repose;
He weepes no yeares misspent, nor want of that he sought,
Nor reapes his gaine by words, nor builds vpon suppose:
The stormes of troubled Sea do neuer force his fears, (eares,
Nor Trumpets sound dooth chang his sleepes, or charme his
Ambitions neuer build within his constant minde,
A cunning coy deceipt his soule dooth not disguise,
His firme and constant faith corruptions neuer blind,
He neuer waits his weale from princes wandring eyes:
But liuing well content with euerie kinde of thing,
He is his proper court, his fauor, and his King.

His will (restraind by wit) is neuer forst awrie,
Vaine hopes, and fatall feares (the courtiers common foes)
(Afraid by his foresight) doo shun his piercing eye:
And naught but true delight acquaints him where he goes,
No high attempts to winne; but humble thoughts and deeds,
The verie fruites and flowers that spring from vertues seeds.
(O deities diuine) your Godheads I adore
That haunt the hils, the feelds, the forrests and the springs,
That make my quiet thoughts contented with my store,
And fixe my hopes on heauen, and not on earthly things;
That driue me from desires, (in view of courtly strife,)
And draw me to commend the fields and countrie life.
My thoughts are now encloside within my proper land,
And if my bodie sleepe my minde dooth take his rest,
My simple zeale and loue my dangers doo withstand,
The mornings pleasant ayer inuites me from my nest,
If wether wax too warme I seeke the silent shade,
If frosts afflict, I striue for warmth by hunters trade.
Although my biding home be not imbost with gold,
And that with cunning skill my chambers are not drest,
(Whereas the curious eye my sundrie sights behold)
Yet feedes my quiet lookes on thousand flowers at least,
The treasures of the plaine, the beauties of the spring,
Made rich with Roses sweete and euerie pleasant thing.
Amidst the pallace braue puft vp with wanton showes
Ambicions dwell, and there false fauors finde disguise,
There lodge consuming cares that hatch our common woes:
Amidst our painted feelds the pleasant Fayrie lies,
And all those powers diuine that with vntrussed tresses,
Contentment, happie loue, and perfect sport professes.
So liuing, naught remaines my solace to betray;
I heare the pleasant birds record their sacred straines,
When at the mornings rise they blesse the springing day:
The murmuring fountains noise from out the marble vaines,
Are pleasing to mine eares: whilst with a gentill fall
They fleete from hie, and serue to wet the meads withall.

What

What ſport may equall this, to ſee two prettie doues
When neb to neb they ioyne, in fluttering of their wings,
And in their roundelaies with kiſſes ſeale their loues?
Then wondering at the gifts which happie nature brings;
What ſport is it to ſleepe and ſlumber by a well,
Whoſe fleeting falls make ſhow, ſome lovely tale to tell?
Oh what content to ſee amidſt the darkeſome night
(When as the ſetting ſonne hath left the moone in place)
The Nimphes amidſt the vales and groues to take delight,
To dance, to leap, to ſkip, with ſweet and pleaſant grace,
To giue greene gownes in ſport, and in their tripping make
By force of footing all the ſpringing graſſe to quake.
Their daunces brought to end, I lift my lookes one hie
To ſee the horned moone, and deskant on her hew
Cleere ſiluer ſhining bright, and eſtſoones then think I
Vpon that hapie chance the Latmian *ſhepheard knew:*
Then doo I wiſh my ſelfe as faire a friend as ſhe,
But watching ſt deſire ſhe might diſport with me.
Thus midſt the ſilent night my ſelfe I doo content:
Then when as Phœbus *beames our* Hemiſphere *enflames,*
A thouſand change of ſports for pleaſure ſt inuent,
And feaſt my quiet thoughts with ſundrie pleaſant games,
Now angle I awhile, then ſeek I for the chace,
And ſtraight my limerods catch the Sparrows on the place.
I like, and make ſome lone: but yet in ſuch a ſort
That naught but true delight my certaine ſute purſues;
My libertie remaines, and yet I reape the ſport,
Nor can the ſnares of loue my heedefull thoughts abuſe:
But when I would forgoe, I haue the power to flie,
And ſtand aloofe and laugh, while others ſtarue and die.
My ſweete and tender flocks (my faithfull feeld compeers)
You forreſts, hoults, and groues, you meads & mountaines hie,
Be you the witneſſes of my contented yeares:
And you O ſacred powers vouchſafe my humble crie,
And during all my daies, doo not theſe ioyes eſtrange;
But let them ſtill remaine, and graunt no other change.

Finis.

In

In commendation of a ſolitarie life.

NOt yet forſaken (gentle Muſe) drawneere,
And helpe to wearie out theſe worldly thoughts;
Goe fit thy methode to my moodie cheere,
For why fond pleaſure now preuaileth noughts:
Since where content and wealthie ſtate declines,
The heart dooth droope, and dolefull be the lines.
For thy (fond man) why reſt I not at laſt?
My wings of hope are clipte by foule diſgrace:
The ſiluer downe of age now flocketh faſt,
Like moſſe on oake to dwell vpon my face:
And what with thoght & time, through want & ruth:
I challenge care for ioy, and age for youth.
What fruites of former labours doo I finde?
My ſtudious pen dooth traffique for a ſcorne:
My due deſerts are but repaid with winde;
And what I earne, is nought but bitter mourne:
In which accompt I reap but this aduiſe,
To ceaſe to clime, and liue contented wiſe.
But gentle Muſe, where boadeth this content?
The Princes Court is fraught with endleſſe woes,
Corruptions flocke where honors doo frequent,
The Cities ſwarme with plagues, with ſutes, with foes:
High climing wits doo catch a ſodein fall,
With none of theſe Content liſt dwell withall.
Ah beautie of the double topped hill,
Thou ſaddeſt ſiſter of the ſacred nine,
What fruitfull pleaſance followeth now my quill?
What wondrous beauties bleſſe my drooping eine?
Euen ſuch as earſt the ſhepheard in the ſhade
Beheld, when he a Poet once was made.
Me thinkes I ſee the deſerts freſh arraid,
New mantled in their liueries of greene,
Whoſe frolicke pride makes ſmiling heauen apaid;
Wherein the Nymphs doo wearie out their teene,
Waſhing their iuorie in thoſe murmuring ſprings,
At whoſe kinde fall, the birds with pleaſure ſings.

See where the babes of memorie are laid
Vnder the ſhadow of *Apollos* tree,
That pleit their garlands freſh, and well apaid,
And breath foorth lines of daintie poecie:
Ah world farewell, the ſight hereof dooth tell,
That true content dooth in the deſert dwell.
See where a Caue preſents it ſelfe to eie,
By Natures hand enforſt in marble vaines;
Where climing Cedars with their ſhades denie,
The eye of day to ſee what there remaines:
A couch of moſſe, a brooke of ſiluer cleere,
And more, for foode a flocke of ſauage deere.
Then here (kinde Muſe) vouchſafe to dwell with me,
My veluet robe ſhalbe a weede of gray
And leaſt my heart by tongue betrayed be,
For idle talke I will goe faſt and pray:
No ſooner ſaid and thought, but that my heart
His true ſuppoſde content gan thus impart,
Sweete ſolitarie life thou true repoſe,
Wherein the wiſe contemplate heauen aright,
In thee no dread of warre or worldly foes,
In thee no pompe ſeduceth mortall ſight,
In thee no wanton eares to win with words,
Nor lurking toyes, which Citie life affoords.
At peepe of day when in her crimſon pride,
The Morne beſpreds with roſes all the waie
Where *Phœbus* coach with radiant courſe muſt glide,
The Hermit bends his humble knees to pray:
Bleſsing that God, whoſe bountie did beſtow
Such beauties on the earthly things below.
Whether with ſolace tripping on the trees
He ſees the citizens of Foreſt ſport,
Or midſt the withered oake beholds the Bees
Intend their labour with a kinde conſort:
Downe drop his teares, to thinke how they agree,
Where men alone with hate inflamed be.

Taſte

Taſte he the fruites that ſpring from *Tellus* woomb;
Or drinke he of the chriſtall ſprings that flowes:
He thankes his God, and ſighes their curſed doomb
That fondly wealth in ſurfetting beſtowes:
And with Saint *Hierom* ſaith, *The Deſert is*
A paradiſe of ſolace, ioy, and bliſ.
Father of light, thou maker of the heauen,
From whom my being well, and being ſprings:
Bring to effect this my deſired ſteauen,
That I may leaue the thought of worldly things:
Then in my troubles will I bleſſe the time,
My Muſe vouchſafde me ſuch a luckie rime.

Finis. T. L.

Beauties Lullabie.

Hos ego verſiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

GEntlemen, I had thought to haue ſuppreſſed this *Lullabie* in ſilence, amongſt my other papers that lie buried in obliuion: but the impudent arrogancie of ſome more then inſolent Poets haue altered my purpoſe in that reſpect, and made me ſet my name to my owne worke, leaſt ſome other vaine glorious *Batillus* ſhould preiudice my paines, by ſubſcribing his name to that which is none of his owne.

Non meſureè.

Lullabie Beautie, ſweet Beautie lullabie;
To ſuch kind of Infants ſing lulla would I.

SWeet, ſweet deſire that made my pleaſant wondring eyes
To gaze on ſuch a blazing ſtarre, as dims the ſtate of skies:
Whoſe feature while my Muſe doth now deuiſe vpon;
Sweet Beautie reſt thee ſtill awhile, I ſhal haue done anon.
Firſt lulla to thoſe lockes deriu'd from Phœbus *rayes,*
Which faſten light in dimmeſt lookes by vertue of their ſprayes:
From whence her golden wiers Diana *borowed then,*
When with Arachne *at the loombe ſhe ſtrone amidſt the fen.*

Next lulla to the front where onlie ſhrowdes the die,
Which ruddie Morrow borowed then when Thetis *ſhe did ſpie*
To hunt forbidden bed, whereas vermillion hue
Is ſtaind in ſight, and euery ſenſe approues my cenſure true.
Next lulla to thoſe ſtatelie couerts of her eyes,
In which in Alablaſter white dame Nature did deuiſe
A ſubtil frame of ſetled wiers, in ſuch confuſed art:
As thoſe that looke but on that worke amazed doo depart.
Next lulla to thoſe lamps, thoſe twinckling ſtemmes of ſtate:
Wherof but one, doth dim the Sunne (both) Sunne & Moone do
On which while Ioue *doth prie, the ielous* Iuno *chides. (mate,*
Thus Gods & men admire at her in whom ſuch beautie bides.
But he that doth but marke thoſe rocks of marble white;
Frõ whẽce do ſpring thoſe ſweet perfumes the ſenſes that delight,
And ſees with how great ſtate the ruddie lippes they ſhade,
Wil think the workma more diuine that ſuch a work hath made.
Now ſee thoſe crimſon cheekes, the mounts wherein do dwell
The golden fruit Æneas *fet from midſt the mouth of hell,*
Bedect with driuen ſnow, and pounſt with Rubie red;
To which compare the ruddie roſe, and it wil ſeeme but dead.
Next praiſe thoſe cherrie lips where roſe and lilliemeete,
*Enclоſures of th'*Egiptian *gems, frõ whence doth* Zephir *ſweet*
Breath forth a blaſt, and yeeld an noyſe like to Orpheus *lute,*
Which mou'd the craggie rocks to ruth, & ſtird what ſo was mute.
Yet in that dimpled chinne bedect with euery grace,
Where curious eye may eaſlie ſee the beautie of the face.
Admit but this, that Ganimede *the cuppe for* Ioue *did chuſe:*
And if a man might drink with Gods, would I the ſame might vſe.
Then bleſſed be thoſe mounts where Venus *ſits and ſings,*
With wanton Cupid *in her lappe, and from thoſe ſtatelie ſprings*
Drawes Nectar *forth to feed her ſonne: which taſt him ſo beguild,*
That onlie for to ſucke thoſe teates, he ſtill would be a child.
But looke a low (my Muſe) and fixe thy ſtatelie view:
Behold a path like Dedalls *maze, wherein with azure clew*
A Theſeus *may the ſecret cells of beautie there behold,*
*More ſtatelie than th'*Egiptian *tombes, thogh reared all of gold.*

Next

Next which of Alablaſter white a mountaine there doth riſe,
A mountaine faire of driuen ſnowe, wherein incarued lies
A ſtatelie tipe of Venus *vale: ſome calls it* Cupids *couch;*
Whereas the God deuiſing lies which part were beſt to touch.
There ſpies he earths Elizium, *where Nature ſits and paints*
Th'impreſſions of the ſweeteſt formes her fancie her acquaints:
In which one lulla I would rocke to Beautis grace,
And be a prentiſe during life to ſerue her in that place.
Next lulla to thoſe forts whereout doth fancie prie,
As one amaz'd to ſee the ſtarre is fixt before her eye.
A Crinite Comet *criſped faire which on thoſe arches ſtands*
Of Marble White enameled, and cloſde with azure bands.
But he that ſees thoſe knees, Whoſe feature is ſo faire,
As when they bend, all knees do bend below and midſt the aire;
Whoſe cords by compaſſe knit, and nerues by Nature ſet,
Bindes Art apprentiſe for ſome yeres the patterne for to get.
Here reſts not wonders yet: for why behold a lowe
Two riſing ſiluer coloured clowdes, which like to thoſe doo ſhewe,
As compaſt in faire Phœbus *then, when in his midday prime*
He ſported with Caſſandra *faire, amidſt the ſommer time.*
Now Nature ſtands amaz'd her ſelfe to looke on Beauties feete,
To ſee thoſe ioynts combinde in one, and fram'd of Amber ſweete,
So ſmall a pile ſo great a waight, like Atlas *to vphold*
The bodie, as the mightie man to beare the heauens is bold.
But to behold thoſe Gemini, *thoſe ſiluer coloured armes,*
Whō natiue bloud with bluſhing ſtreames in azure cōduits warmes,
Inuite the ſence like violets, bepurfurated faire
With Floras *lillies, lillie white theſe louelie branches are.*
But whileſt I gaze a low, and ſee thoſe palmes of peace,
Wherein the mappe of fortune reſts and times diſcents increaſe:
From whence the branching fingers ſpred betipt with iuorie,
The leaſt impreſſion whereof a marble mind might mollifie.
Makes me cōfeſſe pen may not write, hart think, nor tung vnfold
The leaſt effect in Beautie, where both iuorie, pearle, and gold,
Where purphure, Ebonie, white, and red, al colours ſtained bee:
And if thou ſeeke for all theſe ſweetes, then ſeeke my ſweet to ſee.

Finis.

Sundrie ſweete Sonnets
written by the ſame Gent.

1

A Verie *Phœnix*, in her radiant eies
I leaue mine age, and get my life againe;
True *Heſperus*, I watch her fall and riſe:
And with my teares extinguiſh all my paine,
My lips for ſhadowes ſhield her ſpringing roſes,
Mine eies for watchmen guard her while ſhee ſleepeth,
My reaſons ſerue to quite her faint ſuppoſes:
Her fancie, mine; my faith her fancie keepeth;
She flowre, I branch; her ſweetes my ſowres ſupporteth,
O happie Loue, where ſuch delights conſorteth.

Finis.

2

I Vow but with ſome griefe henceforth to ſhunne the place,
Where beautie caſts her ſcortching lookes to feed me with diſ- (grace.
And ſince I was ſo fond to build on ſuch a molde,
As euery waue of vaine conceit the ſubſtance may vnfolde;
I will repent with teares the errors of my mind,
And leaue to tie my thoghts to like of wanton womankind.
Whoſe wayward wiles I ſpie how full of ſleights they be,
The heart delights in others choiſe, the hand yet faunes on me,
And faine ſhe would forſake, yet followes if I ſhunne,
And with her tung repents the time that ere the fact was done.
And yet ſhe will be thought as conſtant as the beſt;
Yet ſcornes the mã that beareth faith & courage in his creſt.
Whom if ſhe liſt to knowe, his colour ſable is;
A mournful colour meete for thoſe whoſe eyes haue gaz'd amiss:
His colour pale for woe, his courage all forlorne;
His hart confirm'd to ſhun the ſex that holds his faith in ſcorne.
Willing all men to learne, leaſt they be forſt to proue,
That women alter with the wind, and haue no hold in loue.

Finis.

The

3

THe heauens inclinde to change, are paſsing cleere,
Their ſhowres reſtraind make billowes of mine eies,
Their windes made calme within my breaſt appeere,
Which dims the aire with ſighs and heauie cries.
My frozen loue hath laid the froſt adowne,
Theſe ſnowes reſtraind ſerue to congeale my heart,
This pleaſant ſpring my ſtormie ſorrowes frowne:
Goe lying bookes, ceaſe fooles to boaſt your art,
And marke the cauſe: my Miſtres ſmiles and lowres
Makes cleere the heauens, & clowdes my heart with ſhowers.

Finis.

4

I Will become a Hermit now,
and doo my penance ſtraight
For all the errors of mine eyes
with fooliſh raſhnes fild:
My hermitage ſhall placed be,
where mellancholies waight,
And none but loue alone ſhall knowe
the bower I meane to build.
My daylie diet ſhall be care,
made calme by no delight:
My dolefull drinke my drierie teares,
amidſt the darkeſome place
The fire that burnes my heedles heart
ſhall ſtand in ſtead of light,
And ſhall conſume my wearie life
mine errors to deface.
My gowne ſhall be of ſpreding gray
to clad my limmes withall:
My late repent vpon my browe
ſhall plainlie written be.
My tedious griefe and great remorſe
that doth my ſoule enthrall,
Shall ſerue to plead my wearie paines

and

and penſiue miſerie.
Of faintfull hope ſhall be my ſtaffe,
and daylie when I pray,
My miſtris picture plac't by loue
ſhall witnes what I ſay.

Finis.

5

IF that I ſeeke the ſhade, I ſodeinlie doo ſee
The God of Loue forſake his bow, and ſit me by:
If that I thinke to write, his Muſes pliant be:
If that I plaine my griefe, the wanton boy will crie.
If I lament my cares, he dooth increaſe my paine:
If teares my cheeks attaint, his cheeks be moyſt with mone:
If I diſcloſe the wounds the which my heart hath ſlaine,
He takes his *Faſcia* off, and wipes them drie anone.
If that I walke the woods, the woods are his delight:
If I my ſelfe torment, he bathes him in my blood:
He will my Souldier be if once I wend to fight:
If ſeas delight, he ſteeres my barke amid the floud:
In briefe, the cruell God dooth neuer from me goe,
But makes my laſting loue eternall by my woe.

Finis.

6

VV*Earie am I to wearie Gods and men,*
Wearie am I to weep ſo manie teares
without ſome ſuccor:
Wearie am I my wretched ſtate to ken,
Wearie am I to ſee my wofull yeares
conſume with dolor.
Theſe mounts, theſe fields, theſe rocks, theſe waues, theſe woods
Reſigne their ecchoes to my wofull cries,
too much diſdained:
Theſe lambes, theſe kidds, theſe bullockes, leane their foods,
Theſe flowers, this graſſe, with mourning parched lies
to ſee me pained.
Naught vnder Sunne that hath not taſted change,

My

My bitter griefe alone abideth ſtill
without departure.
Accurſt be Loue, that wrought this wonder ſtrange,
Boading my ſorowes by my wanton will
that cauſde my ſmarting.
O quiet life forepaſt, why haſt thou left
The wofull ſhepheard wearie of his paine
to feed on ſorrow?
Oh weeping eies of wonted ioyes bereft,
Why leaue you him whom luckleſſe Loue hath ſlaine
to view the morrow?
My faintfull flocke dooth languiſh and lament,
To ſee their maſter mourning his miſchance
this iolly ſeaſon:
My bagpip's broke, my roundelaies are blent,
My rebecke now my ſolace to aduance
accounts it geaſon:
Yet not alone ſheepe, lambes, kidds weep my woe:
But rockes for ruth, and birds for ſorow plaine
my wofull wending:
Then cruell Loue vouchſafe me to forgoe
My wretched life, the cauſe of mickle paine,
and make mine ending.
The rockes their brookes with murmuring noyſe ſhall weepe,
The birds their ſongs with warbling notes ſhall ſing:
and full of pleaſure
My flockes ſhall feed, although their maſter ſleep,
And to my graue their falling fleeces bring,
their native treaſure.
Solace each where ſhall raigne when I am dead,
No care, no woe, no ſorrow ſhall prevaile:
but well contented
Poore I ſhall ſleep, when curſed Loue is fled,
That firſt with furie did the fields aſſaile
where I frequented.

Finis.

7

THe earth late choakt with ſhowers
Is now araid in greene:
Her boſome ſprings with flowers,
The aire diſſolues her teene,
The heauens laugh at her glorie:
Yet bide I ſad and ſorie.
The woods are deckt with leaues,
And trees are cloathed gaie,
And *Flora* crownd with ſheues
With oaken boughs dooth play:
Where I am clad in blacke,
The token of my wracke.
The birds vpon the trees
Doo ſing with pleaſant voices,
And chaunt in their degrees
Their loues and luckie choices:
When I, whilſt they are ſinging,
With ſighs mine armes am wringing.
The Thruſhes ſeeke the ſhade,
And I my fatall graue:
Their flight to heauen is made,
My walke on earth I haue:
They free, I thrall: they iolly,
I ſad and penciue wholly.

8

VVHen with aduice I weigh my yeares forepaſt,
And count the courſe that in my youth I kept:
How my fond eies on gariſh beautie plaſt,
Dimde by deſires in vaine opinion ſlept:
For euerie looke and thought with teares I crie,
I loath the faults and follies of mine eie.
By which my heart was burnt with ſcorching flame,
Growing to head by ſtealth of idle time,
Whom oft my lookes with bluſhing red did blame;
But follie fixt before, it grew to prime:
So for my wanton lookes with teares I crie,
I loath the faults and follies of mine eie.
Oh wanton looks, yee foes of ſad forecaſt,
That wept the teares of will, and not repent:
Now ſee the end how fickle faire is paſt,

And

And crimſon cheekes with crooked yeares are ſpent:
And blame your ſelues, and helpe my carefull crie,
Who loath the faults and follies of mine eye.

Finis.

HAnd, heart, and eye; toucht, thought, and did behold 9
A lock, a ioye, a looke of great delight,
Lookes ſweet, ioyes rare, but lockes of beaten gold,
Hearts ioye, eyes lookes, hands touch ſo pleaſde my ſight;
That what I would, by eye, hand, heart I trie,
And what I am, is but hand, heart, and eye.

Finis.

IF hollowe eyes, if wan and weariſh face, 10
If ſcalding ſighes my ſecret ſuites bewray:
Loe (loue) thoſe lookes that want their former graee,
And dying thoughts which ſecret ioyes betray.
And grant me this that either death may eaſe,
Or humble ſuite my miſtris wrath appeaſe.
Whoſe dire diſdaine more pines my fainting heart,
Than Ætnaes flame that fumes both night and day:
Whoſe wiſedome when it meaſures by deſart,
Diſſolues my doubts and driues my woes away:
Whoſe lookes if once they yeeld me beames of grace,
Diſcharge the furrowes that befret my face.
Twixt hope and happe my ſhippe doth beare a ſaile,
The Seas are ſighes, the Ancker ſlipper ioye;
Would Sea and Ancker both, and tacke might faile,
So land of loue were gain'd to foile annoye.
I ſay no more, the teare that laſt did fall
On latter line, can ſhewe and open all.

Finis.

A Satyre ſitting by a riuer ſide, 11
Foreworne with care that hardlie findes recure:
A ſtraying Nymph in paſsion did deride
His teares, his care, her ſmiles her ſcornes aſſure:
He wept, ſhe wiſht, and all their thoughts among,
Fancie beheld and ſung this carefull ſong.

Perhaps the furrowes in thy wrinckled face
Growne by thy griefe, abate thy wonted forme:
Perhaps her eye was formde to yeeld disgrace,
And blemisht that which wit may not reforme.
Perhaps she will if so thou list to proue,
Perhaps she likes, and yet she dares not loue.
But if (perhaps) thy fortune be so faire,
Laugh Satyre then it proues a pretie prize:
And if thou wilt, so liue to shunne dispaire
As looking long thou keepe thy proper eyes.
This said she ceast: the Nymph she fled away,
And good perswasion cauſde the Satyre play.

12 FAire Phœbus *flowre vpon a sommer morne,*
Gan proud with loue to shewe her painted pride,
And gay with glorie with a curious scorne,
Disdainde those buds that blossom'd her beside.
When Rose and Lillies, Violets and Balme,
(Scarce warm'd to worke their beauties to a flowre)
With enuious wrath neere to a water calme,
Beheld my Phillis *in a happie howre.*
Not wak't nor wonne too much with solemne sleepe,
But sweetlie slombring they beheld my Saint,
The Rose and Lillies both together creepe;
The one her lip, the next her cheeke did taint.
And both they spread: the Violet consum'd
To gentle ayre her amber breath fulfilled:
Apollo *feeling all the aire perfumde.*
With gentle beames into her eyes distilled.
His flowre amaz'd, gaue Rose and Lillies place,
The Sunne his shine within her eyes containeth,
The Rose her lips, the Lillies decke her face,
The Violet within her breath remaineth.

Lenuoy.

THen cease (fond men) henceforth to boast your flowers,
Since Roses, Lillies, Violets are ours:
And Phœbus *flowre doth homage to their powers,*
And Phillis *eye his glorious beames deuours.*

FINIS.